POEMS

Occasion'd by Reading the

TRAVELS

OF

Captain *Lemuel Gulliver*,

EXPLANATORY

AND

COMMENDATORY.

DUBLIN:

Printed by and for J. Hyde, Bookseller in *Dame's-Street*, 1727.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

QUINBUS FLESTRIN

THE

Man-Mountain.

AN

O D E.

By TITTY TITT, *Esq; Poet-Laureat to his Majesty of* LILLIPUT.

Translated into ENGLISH.

I.

IN amaze
Loſt, I gaze!
Can our Eyes
Reach thy Size?
May my Lays
Swell with Praiſe

Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muſe inſpire,
All thy Fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they ſaid
Atlas Head
Propt the Skies:
See and believe your Eyes!

II.

See him ſtride
Vallies wide:
Over Woods,
Over Floods.
When he treads,
Mountains Heads
Groan and ſhake;
Armies quake,
Leſt his Spurn
Overturn
Man and Steed:
Troops take heed!
Left and Right,
Speed your Flight!
Leſt an Hoſt
Beneath his Foot be loſt.

III.

III.

Turn'd aſide
From his Hide,
Safe from Wound
Darts rebound.
From his Noſe
Clouds he blows;
When he ſpeaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he ears,
Famine threats;
When he drinks,
Neptune ſhrinks!
Nigh thy Ear,
In Mid Air,
On thy Hand
Let me ſtand,
So ſhall I,
Lofty Poet, touch the Sky.

THE LAMENTATION Of *Glumdalclitch* for the Loſs of *Grildrig*. A PASTORAL.

SOON as *Glumdalclitch* miſt her pleaſing Care,
She wept, ſhe blubber'd, and ſhe tore her Hair.
No *Britiſh* Miſs ſincerer Grief has known,
Her Squirrel miſſing, or her Sparrow flown.
She furl'd her Sampler, and hawl'd in her Thread,
And ſtuck her Needle into *Grildrig*'s Bed;
Then ſpread her Hands, and with a Bounce let fall
Her Baby, like the Giant in *Guild-hall*.
In Peals of Thunder, now ſhe roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing Cow.
Yet lovely in her Sorrow ſtill appears:
Her Locks diſhevell'd, and her Flood of Tears
Seem like the lofty Barn of ſome rich Swain,
When from the Thatch drips faſt a Shower of Rain.

In vain ſhe ſearch'd each Cranny of the Houſe,
Each gaping Chink impervious to a Mouſe.
" Was it for this (ſhe cry'd) with daily Care
" Within thy reach I ſet the Vinegar?
" And fill'd the Cruet with the acid Tide,
" While Pepper-Water-Worms thy Bait ſupply'd;
" Where twin'd the Silver Eel around thy Hook,
" And all the little Monſters of the Brook.
" Sure in that Lake he dropt—My *Grilly*'s drown'd.
She dragg'd the Cruet, but no *Grildrig* found.

" Vain is thy Courage, *Grilly*, vain thy Boaſt,
" But little Creatures enterpriſe the moſt.
" Trembling, I've ſeen thee dare the Kitten's Paw;
" Nay, mix with Children, as they play'd at Taw;
" Nor fear the Marbles, as they bounding flew:
" Marbles to them, but rolling Rocks to you.
" Why did I truſt thee with that giddy Youth?
" Who from a *Page* can ever learn the Truth?
" Vers'd in Court Tricks, that Money-loving Boy
" To ſome Lord's Daughter ſold the living Toy;
" Or rent him Limb from Limb in cruel Play,
" As Children tear the Wings of Flies away:

" From Place to Place o'er *Brobdingnag* I'll roam,
" And never will return, or bring thee home.

" But

" But who hath Eyes to trace the paſſing Wind,
" How then thy fairy Footſteps can I find?
" Doſt thou bewildred wander all alone,
" In the green Thicket of a Moſſy Stone,
" Or tumbled from the Toadſtool's ſlipp'ry Round,
" Perhaps all maim'd, lie groveling on the Ground?
" Doſt thou, imboſom'd in the lovely Roſe,
" Or ſunk within the Peach's Down, repoſe?
" Within the King-Cup if thy Limbs are ſpread,
" Or in the golden Cowſlip's velvet Head;
" O ſhew me, *Flora*, 'midſt thoſe Sweets, the Flower
" Where ſleeps my *Grildrig* in the fragrant Bower!

" But ah! I fear thy little Fancy roves
" On little Females, and on little Loves;
" Thy pigmy Children, and thy tiny Spouſe,
" The Baby Playthings that adorn thy Houſe,
" Doors, Windows, Chimneys, and the ſpacious Rooms
" Equal in Size to Cells of Honeycombs.
" Haſt thou for theſe now ventur'd from the Shore,
" Thy Bark a Bean-ſhell, and a Straw thy Oar?
" Or in thy Box, now bounding on the Main?
" Shall I ne'er bear thy ſelf and Houſe again?
" And ſhall I ſee thee on my Hand no more,
" To ſee thee leap the Lines, and traverſe o'er
" My ſpacious Palm? of Stature ſcarce a Span,
" Mimick the Actions of a real Man?

" No

" No more behold thee turn my Watches Key,
" As Seamen at a Capſtern Anchors weigh?
" How wert thou wont to walk with cautious Tread,
" A Diſh of Tea like Milk-Pale on thy Head?
" How chaſe the Mite that bore thy Cheeſe away,
" And keep the rolling Maggot at a Bay?"

She ſpoke; but broken Accents ſtopt her Voice,
Soft as the ſpeaking Trumpets mellow Noiſe:
She ſob'd a Storm, and wip'd her flowing Eyes,
Which ſeem'd like two broad Suns in miſty Skies;
O! ſquander not thy Grief, thoſe Tears command
To weep upon our Cod in *Newfound-Land*:
The plenteous Pickle ſhall preſerve the Fiſh,
And *Europe* taſte thy Sorrows in her Diſh.

TO

TO

Mr. *Lemuel Gulliver*,

The Grateful ADDRESS *of the Unhappy* HOUYHNHNMS, *now in Slavery and Bondage in* England.

TO thee, we Wretches of the *Houhnhnm* Band,
Condemn'd to labour in a barb'rous Land,
Return our Thanks. Accept our humble Lays,
And let each grateful *Houyhnhnm* neigh thy Praiſe.

O happy *Yahoo*, purg'd from human Crimes,
By thy ſweet Sojourn in thoſe virtuous Climes,
Where reign our Sires! There, to thy Countrey's Shame,
Reaſon, you found, and Virtue were the ſame.
Their Precepts raz'd the Prejudice of Youth,
And even a *Yahoo* learn'd the Love of Truth.

Art thou the firſt who did the Coaſt explore;
Did never *Yahoo* tread that Ground before?
Yes Thouſands. But in Pity to their Kind,
Or ſway'd by Envy, or through Pride of Mind,

They

They hid their Knowledge of a nobler Race,
Which own'd, would all their Sires and Sons disgrace.

You, like the *Samian*, visit Lands unknown,
And by their wiser Morals mend your own.
Thus *Orpheus* travell'd to reform his Kind,
Came back, and tam'd the Brutes he left behind.

You went, you saw, you heard: With Virtue fought,
Then spread those Morals which the *Houyhnhnms* taught.
Our Labours here must touch thy gen'rous Heart,
To see us strain before the Coach and Cart;
Compell'd to run each knavish Jockey's Heat!
Subservient to *New-market*'s annual Cheat!
With what Reluctance do we Lawyers bear,
To fleece their Countrey Clients twice a Year?
Or manag'd in your Schools, for Fops to ride,
How foam, how fret beneath a Load of Pride!
Yes, we are Slaves — but yet, by Reason's Force,
Have learnt to bear Misfortune, like a Horse.

O would the Stars, to ease my Bonds, ordain,
That gentle *Gulliver* might guide my Rein!
Safe would I bear him to his Journey's End,
For 'tis a Pleasure to support a Friend.
But if my Life be doom'd to serve the Bad,
O! may'st thou never want an easy Pad!

HOUYHNHNM.

MARY GULLIVER

TO

Capt. *Lemuel Gulliver*;

AN

EPISTLE

The Captain ſome time after his Return, being retir'd to Mr. Sympſon's *in the Countrey, Mrs.* Gulliver, *apprehending from his late Behaviour ſome Eſtrangement of his Affections, writes him the following expoſtulating, ſoothing, and tenderly-complaining* EPISTLE.

WELCOME, thrice welcome to thy native Place!
What, touch me not? what, ſhun a wife's Embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious Abſence born,
And wak'd and wiſh'd whole Nights for thy Return?
In five long Years I took no ſecond Spouſe;
What *Redriff* Wife ſo long hath kept her Vows?
Your Eyes, your Noſe, Inconſtancy betray;
Your Noſe you ſtop, your Eyes you turn away.

'Tis

'Tis ſaid, that thou ſhouldſt *cleave unto thy Wife*;
Once *thou* didſt cleave, and *I* could cleave for Life.
Hear and relent! hark, how thy Children moan;
Be kind at leaſt to theſe, they are thy own:
Behold, and count them all; ſecure to find
The honeſt Number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty Paws:
Why ſtart you? are they Snakes? or have they Claws?
Thy Chriſtian Seed, our mutual Fleſh and Bone:
Be kind at leaſt to theſe, they are thy own.

Biddel like thee, might fartheſt *India* rove;
He chang'd his Countrey, but retain'd his Love.
There's Captain *Pannel*, abſent half his Life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his Wife.
Yet *Pannel*'s Wife is brown, compar'd to me,
And Miſtreſs *Biddel* ſure is Fifty three.

Not touch me! never Neighbour call'd me Slut!
Was *Flimnap*'s Dame more ſweet in *Lilliput*?
I've no red Hair to breath an odious Fume;
At leaſt thy Conſort's cleaner than thy *Groom*.
Why then that dirty Stable-boy thy Care?
What mean thoſe Viſits to the *Sorrel Mare*?
Say, by what Witchcraft, or what Dæmon led,
Prefer'ſt thou *Litter* to the Marriage Bed?

Some ſay the Dev'l himſelf is in that *Mare*:
If ſo, our *Dean* ſhall drive him forth by Prayer.
Some think you mad, ſome think you are poſſeſt,
That *Bedlam* and clean Straw would ſuit you beſt:
Vain means, alas, this Frenzy to appeaſe!
That *Straw*, that *Straw* would heighten the Diſeaſe.

My Bed, (the Scene of all our former Joys,
Witneſs two lovely Girls, two lovely Boys)
Alone I preſs; in Dreams I call my Dear,
I ſtretch my Hand; no *Gulliver* is there!
I wake, I riſe, and ſhiv'ring with the Froſt,
Search all the Houſe; my *Gulliver* is loſt!
Forth in the Street I ruſh with frantick Cries;
The Windows open; all the Neighbours riſe:
Where ſleeps my Gulliver? *O tell me where?*
The Neighbours anſwer, " *With the Sorrel Mare.*

At early Morn, I to the Market haſte,
(Studious in ev'ry thing to pleaſe thy Taſte)
A curious *Fowl* and *Sparagraſs* I choſe,
(For I remember'd you were fond of thoſe)
Three Shillings coſt the firſt, the laſt ſev'n Groats;
Sullen you turn'd from both, and call'd for *Oats.*

Others bring Goods and Treaſures to their Houſes,
Something to deck their pretty Babes and Spouſes;

My

My *only* Token was a Cup like Horn,
That's made of nothing but a Lady's *Corn*.
'Tis not for that I grieve; O, 'tis to ſee
The *Groom* and *Sorrel Mare* prefer'd to me!

Theſe for ſome Moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due diſtance) ſweet Diſcourſe admit,
'Tis all my Pleaſure thy paſt Toil to know,
For pleas'd Remembrance builds Delight on Woe.
At ev'ry Danger pants thy Conſort's Breaſt,
And gaping Infants ſquawle to hear the reſt.
How did I tremble, when by Touſands bound,
I ſaw thee ſtretch'd on *Lilliputian* Ground;
When ſcaling Armies climb'd up ev'ry Part,
Each Step they trod, I felt upon my Heart.
But when thy Torrent quench'd the dreadful Blaze,
King, Queen and Nation ſtaring with Amaze,
Full in my view how all my Husband came,
And what extinguiſh'd theirs, encreas'd my Flame.
Thoſe *Spectacles*, ordain'd thine Eyes to ſave,
Were once my Preſent; *Love* that Armour gave.
How did I mourn at *Bolgolam*'s Decree!
For when he ſign'd thy Death, he ſentenc'd me.

When Folks might ſee thee all the Country round
For Six pence, I'd have giv'n a Thouſand pound.
Lord! when the *Giant-babe* that Head of thine
Got in his Mouth, my Heart was up in mine!

When

When in the *Marrow-bone* I ſee thee ramm'd,
Or on the Houſe-top by the *Monkey* cramm'd;
The piteous Images renew my Pain,
And all thy Dangers I weep o'er again!
But on the *Maiden's-Nipple* when you rid,
Pray Heav'n, 'twas all a wanton Maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too!—— with thee I mourn her Caſe,
Heav'n guard the gentle Girl from all Diſgrace!
O may the King that one Neglect forgive,
And pardon her the Fault by which I live!
Was there no other Way to ſet him free?
My Life, alas, I fear prov'd Death to Thee!

O teach me, dear, new words to ſpeak my Flame;
Teach me to woo thee by thy beſt-lov'd Name!
Whether the Stile of *Grildrig* pleaſe thee moſt,
So call'd on *Brobdingnag*'s ſtupendious Coaſt,
When on the Monarch's ample Hand you ſate,
And hollow'd in his Ear, Intrigues of State;
Or *Quinbus Fleſtrin* more Endearment brings,
When like a Mountain you look'd down on Kings:
If Ducal *Nardac*, *Lilliputian* Peer,
Or *Glumglum*'s humbler Title ſooth thy Ear;
Nay, would kind *Jove* my Organs ſo diſpoſe,
To hymn harmonious *Houyhnhnm* thro' the Noſe,
I'd call thee *Houyhnhnm*, that high ſounding Name,
Thy Children's Noſes all ſhould twang the ſame.
So might I find my loving Spouſe of courſe
Endu'd with all the *Virtues* of a *Horſe*. *FINIS.*